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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1910.

The Government Clerk—At Last?

There is every reason why Congress should give its prompt and emphatic approval to the joint resolution introduced in the House by Representative Cary, of Wisconsin, a prominent and active member of the District Committee.

That resolution, if adopted, will effect a much-needed and eminently deserved increase of pay of all government employes by 25 per cent, where the salaries or wages are less than $2,500 a year.

The reasons for such Congressional approval are cogently and convincingly set forth in the preamble of the resolution, making reference to such facts as the constantly increasing cost of living, a corresponding advance in the salaries of members of Congress, members of the military-naval establishment and Cabinet members, judges, and so on.

There has been nothing done for the government clerk, the man who works at a desk in the executive department, in many years. Promotion has come slowly, and after much hindrance and delay in individual cases. It has not always been a recognition of the most deserving or the hardest working or the best qualified. Many of those who have earned promotion by those evidences of fitness and that demonstration of value have been ignored. Even those who have been advanced from one grade to another have found it difficult to meet the cost of living, and their situation has been rendered less agreeable by the contemplation of Congressional increase of pay in other directions with sufficient influence to gain this advantage. It is comforting to note that the relief of the government clerk is promised in some form which may gain the attention it deserves in the House and Senate.

Congress can afford, from all considerations of justice and necessity, to pay the government clerk at a rate of wage which will enable him to pay his rent, clothe and feed himself and his family, and have something beside penury as his lot. Members of Congress have been exceedingly liberal to themselves. They have been decent to Cabinet officers and members of the judiciary, and they have been unstinted in generosity to the commissioned personnel and the enlisted force of the military-naval establishment. It is about time that the government clerk came in for his just dues.

Congress should adopt Representative Cary's resolution.

The London papers are disposed to make war upon Mr. Carnegie's peace offering.

The Nobel Prize Award.

That the movement toward world peace, which has been lent such impetus by Mr. Carnegie's recent gift of $10,000,000 for peace purposes, is a vital one, interesting the best minds of many countries, is emphasized by the fact that the Nobel peace prize, which is awarded each year on December 10, the anniversary of the death of the founder, has been awarded this year to the Permanent International Peace Bureau at Berne, Switzerland. It was provided in the will of Nobel that his annual prize might be awarded to associations as well as to individuals, and though in recent years it has been awarded to individuals—ex-President Roosevelt being the recipient three years ago—the prize went once to the Institute of International Law, an association of experts who devote their attention to the development of that, at present chaotic science, international law.

The association to which the prize has been awarded was founded at the time of the Third International Peace Congress, held in 1891, in Rome. The association was the outgrowth, very largely, of the efforts of Mr. Hodgson Pratt, of London, and the object of the establishment of the International Peace Bureau was to secure a bond of union between the various peace organizations established in the various countries. Its purpose, too, was to be the self-appointed agent in executing the resolutions adopted by the various peace congresses and to act as the spokesman of the various peace movements in communications to the governments interested.

Undoubtedly, the International Peace Bureau has justified itself and its organization. To-day it is under the supervision of a general committee consisting of thirty-five members drawn from different nations. Its president is Senator Henri La Fontaine, of the Belgian Parliament, who is one of the foremost advocates of a world-wide peace movement. Its American members are Prof. Samuel T. Dutton, of Columbia University; Edwin B. Mead, and Dr. Benjamin J. Trueblood, of Boston. Since its organization, this bureau has been hampered by a lack of funds, which the award of the Nobel peace prize will do a good deal to alleviate. Strengthened thus, it will be able to carry on more vigorously the work which it has so well begun.

To the crass materialists, the idea of universal peace may seem only a dream—an ideal never to be attained; but this latest award of the Nobel peace prize, no less than Mr. Carnegie's recent generous benefaction, shows us that toward the realization of that dream and that ideal the world is making progress.

The Sugar Trust declares that it earned less than $5,000 in the year 1909. But what did it get?

Mr. Rockefeller's Gift.

In explaining that his gift of $10,000,000 to the University of Chicago is his final contribution to that institution—to which he has given in all nearly $35,000,000—Mr. Rockefeller explains that the cessation of his gifts does not mean that he considers the university sufficiently endowed, but that he feels that its future growth and devolpment should depend on public support, and not on one man alone. In this we are quite sure that he is wise. In spite of his benefactions, the University of Chicago is not any too heavily endowed. Its income is not so large, for instance, as that of either Columbia or Harvard, and it may well look in the future to further endowments, increasing its scope of usefulness, from its own people of Illinois.

Mr. Rockefeller is quite sure that the University of Chicago needs more money. The richer it is, and the larger its endowment, the wider will become its scope of influence and the more alluring the opportunities it will be able to offer its students. For some years there has been a growing feeling that perhaps the University of Chicago, especially in the published utterances on public questions by its president and professors, was dominated a thought too much by the influence exercised through the benefactions of Mr. Rockefeller. We believe, too, that Mr. Rockefeller has come to realize this, and, being a sincere well-wisher of the university—as indeed his large benefactions prove—he has taken this method of showing the country at large that the university is to be free, in the future, absolutely, to express its own ideals, unhampered by any thought of gratitude for past benefactions or with any hopes of future grants. In short, Mr. Rockefeller, while very generously seeing to it that the University of Chicago has a splendid start, now proposes to allow it to work out its own salvation.

A Mexican poet ran amuck and killed four men. And they were not magazine editors who had declined his verses.

Canadian Reciprocity.

In this country, as in Canada, there have been divided councils and opinions as to the value of reciprocity between the United States and Canada. But while in this country, owing, perhaps, to our peculiar political conditions, the subject has always been treated as more or less an academic one, the practical side of it has been appealing with more and more force to our Canadian neighbors. The Canadian national council of agriculture, which has been devoting considerable time and discussion to the question of reciprocity, has finally decided strongly in favor of such a measure. The result is that in spite of the small clique in Canada opposed to any reciprocal agreement, there is a strong public opinion there in favor of it.

At a meeting of the Canadian national council of agriculture, only recently closed, strong resolutions in favor of reciprocity were passed, and a committee was appointed instructed to see what could be done in the way of formulating a treaty that should be agreeable to both Canada and the United States. Those Canadians opposed to any such treaty were denounced as selfish and unprogressive, and Premier Laurier was asked to use his influence and good offices to bring about the ratification of a treaty between the United States and our northern neighbor that should be mutually agreeable to both countries.

On our own side we have not been idle, for it is known that President Taft and Secretary of State Knox have under consideration a reciprocity treaty which should be as agreeable to the people of Canada as to those of the United States. It is sincerely to be hoped that this is true, and that a treaty formulated by our State Department and acceptable, in its clauses, to the business interests of this country may also be so acceptable to Canada that it will be ratified. We are not optimistic enough to believe that a matter of so much vital importance to the multifarious business interests of this country can be concluded without much argument pro and con. Any such agreement would, of necessity, have to go before the United States Senate for ratification. But we do believe that if the advantages to be gleaned by both countries from tearing down the tariff wall that now shuts us off from our northern neighbor could be understood and appreciated by the great bulk of the American people, popular opinion would impel the United States Senate to ratify any sensible reciprocity treaty that might be brought before it.

There seems to be hope for the large crop of debutantes this year. King George of England is considering the creation of 500 new peers.

The Chinese senate is having trouble with the Emperor, so that we may expect to hear soon that China has a new lot of senators.

The melancholy days will come
The saddest of the year—
When pocketbook is on the bum,
Recalling Christmas cheer.

A Milwaukee newspaper has a headline, "Water Free to Wash Ladies in Milwaukee." Why discriminate against the men?

There has been found at Princeton a student who is earning his way through college by knitting. Doesn't that sound just like Princeton?

The Augusta Journal says: "Jailer Phelts, of Columbus, who was wounded in his fight with a mob, has died of his wounds. The brute for whom he died was not the sacrifice." Maybe not, brother; but the cause of law and order and decency, for which he died, was.

A nice thing for Congress to remind us of just about Christmas time are those long-delayed French spoliation claims.

Milwaukee has decided to put cuspidors in the municipal ballroom, thus, again, justifying a Socialist administration of affairs.

A London manufacturer of petticoats says that his bankruptcy was caused by the advent of the hobble skirt. He is not the only one those things have hurt.

When Santa Claus gets to the house of that Indiana family that has twenty-eight children he'll probably think they are rubbing it in on him.

The electrical trust is charged with being a shocking monopoly.

The peace which has been proclaimed in Mexico does not seem to be inconsistent with bloodshed.

The Moon bill has nothing to do with the moon, but seeks to codify the laws of the District which are somewhat nebulous.

Count de Beaufort, by way of revenge, threatens to take his name away from the Kilgallen family. That would not be as bad as if he took away their money.

POLITICAL POTPOURRI.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

If the colonel should visit Indiana, hope he will not pile on the agony by taking the lecture platform from Senator Beveridge.

From the Portland Oregonian.

Mr. Bryan does not seem to share with some of his victorious brethren the pleasing fancy that the people put them in power because they are Democrats.

From the New York Evening Post.

For every Republican that entered his protest by simply discriminating in favor of Dix, there were probably three or four who "went the whole hog," either by voting the straight Democratic ticket or by not voting at all.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. Loeb, who proceeds upon the theory that the returning American is a smuggler till proven not guilty, usually finds that results bear out his cynical attitude toward persons who consider themselves eminently respectable.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The determination of Postmaster General Hitchcock to ask Congress to authorize a limited parcels post for rural free delivery routes is likely to meet with general approval. It will be especially gratifying to persons who live on rural routes.

From the Columbia State.

Senators Depew, Kean, and Dick, because of their supposed relation to special interests, have not been particularly valuable assets of the Republican organization. But it will be admitted that they are statesmen of light and of unselfish devotion to the public interest compared with Sheehan, Smith, and McLean.

From the Kansas City Journal.

He who declared that the distinguished members of the United States Supreme bench are "fossilized," and lamented because these judges did not construe the Constitution "according to the spirit of the time," would have played havoc with the judicial bench of the government in such an emergency.

From the Ohio State Journal.

What stands in the way of 1-cent letter postage? The franking privilege and the unequal rates on second, third, and fourth class matter, so all the people must suffer that a few might thrive. That is the precise statement of the case, and Congress, that partakes of the privilege, will not move a peg to reform it.

Mr. Coolidge, of Boston.

From the Boston Evening Record.

Louis A. Coolidge, who came here from Washington about a year ago to become treasurer of the United Shoe Machinery Company, has made one or two records for himself during the time of his stay. Mr. Coolidge easily ranks as the greatest "jiner" of the fourteen months in question, in this city. It is well-nigh impossible to find a club or organization of prominence or activity in the city in which he has not become identified. In many cases he is taking a leading part in the management. Mr. Coolidge was president of the Gridiron Club while he was in Washington, and it undoubtedly requires at least a half dozen ordinary clubs or organizations as substitute.

HUMAN NATURE IN WASHINGTON

By FRED C. KELLY.

"Doubtless there are many desirable features connected with being a United States Senator," commented Representative Carl Anderson, of Ohio, who recently announced himself as a candidate for Senator from that State, "but we over here in the House can at least be thankful that we haven't any free barber shop such as the government provides in the Senate wing. One would have to tip the barber rather lavishly, in view of the free provision, thus overcoming any financial saving, and if anybody from my district were to come down here and find that the government had a man shaving me free of charge I couldn't ever get enough votes again back home to carry a single precinct."

* * * *

There are one or two things that Senator Bristow would like to know. The Senator had been trying to block the passage of the omnibus claims bill in its entirety because it contained a number of items under the so-called French spoliation claim that if passed would, to his mind, make the government the victim of robbery. One item was for $5,000 worth of silk stockings looted from a vessel on its way to Java.

Now, it seemed to Bristow to be bad enough for the government to have to pay for $5,000 worth of stockings that were started to Java away back somewhere in the dim and gummy past, but the thing that he wondered about was what might have been the object of taking $5,000 worth of silk stockings to Java. It did sound a lot like part of the plot of an O. Henry yarn.

Senator Bristow has seen pictures of groups of Java residents, and it never struck him that Java would be a profitable market for a man with $5,000 worth of silk stockings to dispose of. So he wonders and wonders.

* * * *

Representative Stafford, of Wisconsin, knows more about things of interest about the Capitol than the average guide. Soon after he came to Congress, he made it his business to go all over the building and learn all that the guides could tell him. After the guide had imparted all the interesting information that he could think of, Stafford started out on his own steam and sought for still more knowledge. Today he may be regarded as as an authority on things to see about the Capitol. He knows who painted all the big pictures in the room beneath the dome, what the people are doing in the pictures, and just where to stand under the dome to get the echo.

Stafford has found that it doesn't do any harm to know all about the Capitol. Whenever anybody comes along from home and he mentions casually a few things about the building that he wants to take note of, or points out something that the guide overlooked, it makes a big hit with the constituent, who can see without inquiring further that Stafford has had his eyes open since he's been down here.

* * * *

Representative Sabath, who comes from Chicago, despite his name, is another man who has about attained the ne plus ultra of knowledge concerning the United States Capitol. He even knows where the elevators are—and they're about the most difficult things to find in the whole plant.

* * * *

Senator Joseph Bailey, of Texas, looks like a man who, if obliged to make a choice, would prefer fifteen-ball pool to bridge whist.

And, as many around Washington well know, he has steadily refused to ride in automobiles, because he hates the things. As a rule, he won't even ride through the subway from the Senate office building to the Capitol in the autos that the generous government has provided in an effort to save its Senators from falling into the hands of chiropodists.

What Bailey likes is a good horse. Hating autos and loving good horses, then, as he does, it is little wonder that the Senator was in full sympathy with the action of a horse owner down his way in Texas not long ago.

A family there had met financial reverses, and about the only things they had left on their place that were not cheap imitations were a small cut-glass dish that they had brought home from the Chicago World's Fair and a good driving horse. Finally, when it became apparent that if they kept the horse at the door they would have the proverbial wolf there, too, they decided to offer the horse for sale. It was their dearest possession; they had raised it from a colt.

A professional horse buyer came along, chewing a ragged cigar that he held in the lee side of his mouth, and made an offer of $100 for the horse. The animal was worth at least $250. The $100 offer was just like belittling the value of one of the children. It was insulting.

"Want to take that for him?" asked the horse buyer.

"No," replied the owner; "but you'll take this." And he handed the unsentimental horse buyer a jab in the jaw that knocked horse values and everything else out of his head for ten minutes.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

UP AGAINST IT.

'Tis the day before Christmas, and all through the week,
On days that were sunny and days that were bleak,
A gift for my wife I've been trying to pick,
And now I am weary and heart-sore and sick.

'Tis the day before Christmas, and all through my brain,
Shoot the shafts of despair and the arrows of pain.
I tramp dully onward; I'm in a sad plight,
But maybe I'll pick out a present by night.

Looking Backward.

"Why are you writing so industriously?"

"Trying to catch up with my diary before the end of the year. I'm several months behind."

"But can you remember what you did every day?"

"Of course. I played bridge."

The Christmas Spirit.

"I suppose you want to make all your kinfolks happy for Christmas?"

"Oh, yes," said the rich relative. "But what I'm mainly aiming at is to choke off the criticism."

One Way.

"I see $10,000,000 has been donated to promote peace."

"How will the money be expended?"

"I don't know. I should be glad to supply essays at 2 cents a word."

Remember the Clerks.

Belated man or girlie,
By your leave,
We ask you to shop early
Christmas Eve.

Not Her First.

"Then you accept me?"

"Yes, dear."

"But will your father give his consent?"

"Why not? He always has."

A Magnate's Son.

"Father, little Tommy expects some gilt-edged bonds in his stocking."

"I know he does, but I've been under considerable expense this Christmas. He'll be just as happy with a bunch of common stock."

It Might.

"The sectional bookcases are a good thing. You can start in a small way and add to them piece by piece."

"That might be a good way to annex Canada."

His Idea of Economy.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The most extravagant man I know, who never saves a dollar, is a fiend at saving trading stamps and coupons to get parlor furniture and toothbrush holders.

RISE TO POWER OF DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE

One of the most prominent factors in British politics for the past two years, and especially during the present Parliamentary elections, has been David Lloyd-George, the chancellor of the exchequer, in whom democracy beholds something more than a champion of causes, something more than a leader in Liberalism. He is the voice which has called it from a long sleep, and the inspiration which may inherit to heroic deeds. He is something which conservation lacks, which imperialism caught for a brief moment from Mr. Chamberlain, only to lose in the intricate commercialism of tariff reform.

Rightly have his adversaries seized upon him as the enemy of their cause. A man who strikes the imagination and wins the affection of democracy is a greater danger to reaction and a more dreaded menace to opportunism than the ablest and most determined leader of any faction or party. It is a hazardous thing for any eloquent man to be the master of national feelings, and conservatism may argue a just cause for its dread of the increasing hold which the chancellor of the exchequer actually possesses on the affection of the people.

There are men of all shades of political opinion who fear sentiment in the business affairs of the nation. An idol is safer in a temple than in a marketplace. Even the godliest of heroes may lose his head. But the idol is more publicly worshiped and the hero more tumultuously acclaimed the more violently the adversary shouts derision.

Acquaintance of the briefest nature with Mr. George suffices to dislodge the notion that one day he may use his power over democracy recklessly. He is the shrewdest, sanest, and quietest parcel of self-contained humanity that ever vibrated to the inspiration of genius or felt the glow of the selfish temperament. There is a courtesy in the smile of his eyes, a kindness in the tone of his voice, a gentle charity and good humor in his manner.

There is energy in the expression of his face and vigor in every one of his actions. But it is the energy and vigor of a benevolence too deep for complaisant geniality and too earnest for a mere platform loquacity. He would serve humanity, but he will stand no nonsense. There is no desire in his heart to make any one uncomfortable; but if you are occupying three chairs and two other persons want to sit down, he will first ask, then tell you to move. Like all benevolent and kindly men, he thinks of others; but with him these others chiefly are those who have no one else to think for them.

David Lloyd-George was the son of a schoolmaster, and was born forty-six years ago in a Welch village. His father died when he was two years of age. The fortunes of the family were committed to the charge of an uncle, a good, honest man, but poor as the soil on the top of Snowdon Hill. Poverty never has yet prevented the poor from defending the destitute, and into the household of the poor cobbler uncle was warmly welcomed the dead schoolmaster's family, which included, in a pinafore and bare legs, England's future chancellor of the exchequer. It was hard work to squeeze them in; still harder work to provide them with food. But the good uncle toiled at his cobbling, and, like Sancho Panza, "praying to God and hammering away," contrived to support those whom, being a religious man, he reckoned that Providence had committed to his care.

"I can remember so very clearly," said the chancellor the other day, "that it was always, not once or twice, not occasionally, but always, a struggle for my mother at the end of the week. The last sixpence of every week was a coin of destiny. My mind at that time was impressed by the terrible importance every week of this last sixpence, and it is still impressed by the memory. It is the strongest impression of my childhood. Few people in happier circumstances can realize the frightful strain of a housekeeping which hangs for its success on the last sixpence. That is a strain which has worn out thousands of noble women and has driven thousands of weaker women into despair. It is terrible. If more of our politicians understood it, British politics would be more real and living and human."

It was suggested to Mr. Lloyd-George that he must be struck by the romance of his career—once a barefoot little boy whose mother had to watch the last sixpence, and now chancellor of the exchequer of the greatest empire of the world.

He shook his head. "No, I assure you," he answered. "The business of life is too severe for dreams of that kind. One ought to be always thinking ahead, never behind. And then, life is so full of sorrow."

Politics touched his life, but subconsciously, when he was a boy of six years. His chief friends were the sons of some local farmers. They were honest and fearless children of Wales. A general election took place. Lloyd-George remembers that he marched up and down the village street with a tiny little flag given him by his mother. It was a grand day. He strutted tremendously. But soon afterward he missed his playmates. They disappeared. It was as if the election had swallowed them up. Then he heard that their fathers had been turned out of their farms by the landlords for voting the Liberal ticket. Then and there he concluded that politics was a poor game.

"But that action of the landlords," he said, reminiscently, "was the deathblow to their political influence in Wales. The whole country was aroused. Wales is easy to arouse on such questions. We got up a national subscription for the dispossessed farmers. We made landlordism shake in its shoes. Ever since they never have dared to interfere so shamefully in the elections."

Then landlordism began to touch his life in another direction. At the age of eleven he was conscious of a strong impulse toward solitude. He did not want to play with other boys. He did not want to be one of a party. He wanted to be alone. He wanted to think. All around him was the loveliness of Welch scenery. But wherever entrance offered to those delicious solitudes there arose a menacing board overawing the little boy with the words of terror: "Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law." The fields were forbidden, the banks of the rivers were forbidden. Every place his soul desired was forbidden. Landlordism said to him in effect: "The earth is mine. The beauty of the earth is mine. The shade of the trees, the softness of the grass, the loveliness of the moving waters, the song of birds, the scent of flower—all are mine. I give you the road; peep through the gates and hedges at my kingdom, and be grateful for that."

Landlordism yet had another aspect in his eyes. The established church occupied the village school which his forefathers had built. In this school he was taught by the clergyman to consider himself lowly and reverently to all his betters. Even as a child he felt that he could be reverent to a good man, or to a great man; but when he learned in his little world that his landlord was his "better"—the landlord who locked up those beautiful green woods and erected those hideous boards—he felt, being nothing of a snob, having no ingredient of that slavishness in his nature, that something was wrong.

He hated that landlord. FLANEUR.

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Need American Dollars.

From the Atlanta Journal.

"American dollars alarm England." Alarm the political leaders, no doubt, but not the aristocracy and the shopkeepers.

VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS

Political Change Advisable.

G. R. Lewis, postmaster at Bessemer, Ala., who is in this city attending a conference with regard to the postal savings bank system and is registered at the New Willard, said last night that the Republican party is wrangling and fighting within its ranks and that it is time for them to quit; that the Republicans had been in power long enough; that the people want a change.

"I am satisfied to quit," said Postmaster Lewis, "and surrender to the will of the people. There's nothing to prevent the election of a Democratic President at the next election. Three leaders of organized labor, all appointees of President Taft, told me that they would vote for Harmon for President if nominated, and you know what that means. Labor is favoring a political change. And the country, at the last election, signified the same intention. Woodrow Wilson is a splendid man, but the great mass of the people will not vote for a college professor. Wilson is not as close to the people as is Harmon, and the Ohio executive is also regarded as a safe man by capital, besides being in very close touch with the people."

Conscription in Argentina.

"Every young man, if found physically able, has to serve in either the army or navy of Argentina," said Rear Admiral M. Domecq Garcia, of the Argentine navy, at the Shoreham last night. Admiral Garcia, whose home is in New York, is in this country superintending the building of two Dreadnoughts for the Argentine navy. One of the vessels is being constructed at Quincy, Mass., and the other at New York. Both will be of the most advanced type of that class of battle ships.

"Compulsory military service is a most beneficial institution," said Admiral Garcia, "and I am quite convinced that my country will never change this system, which teaches the young men order and discipline, and helps to give them a strong physique, besides inculcating patriotism. The service in the army covers a period of one year, and two years in the navy. The selection for either of these two branches is made by drawing lots. The young man from the agricultural districts is just as liable to be drawn for the navy as the boy from the coast may be drawn into the army. Of course, petty or commissioned officers serve longer."

Speaking of the atmospheric conditions in Argentina, Admiral Garcia said that they are about the same as those of Boston; that, contrary to a general impression prevailing in the United States, Argentina is not a hot country; it has its severe snowstorms, with sleighing and skating in the southern part of the country.

Japanese Postal Banks.

N. Yoneda, administrator of posts and telegraphs in the department of communications of Japan, is at the Shoreham. Mr. Yoneda is on his way to Japan from France, where he spent more than a year studying the postal system of the republic. He also visited other European countries.

"There are some features in the French and other European postal systems which are better than the Japanese, and it was these features I studied, with a view to embodying them in our service."

Mr. Yoneda gave his views in excellent French. Speaking of the Japanese postal service, he said that it is not only self-supporting, but that it yields considerable surplus to the government.

"The postal savings bank in Japan," said Mr. Yoneda, "is as old an institution as the postal service itself. These banks are a very popular institution and are patronized by all classes. The government pays 3 per cent interest.

"The Japanese postal service is ahead of its American counterpart, in that it carries packages up to 13 1-3 pounds for a charge of about 4 cents, and 6 cents for the whole 13 1-3 pounds if registered. Postage for an ordinary letter is 3 sen, which is about 1½ cents. Foreign postage is double that amount. The total income of the Japanese postal service aggregates $15,000,000 annually, which includes the telegraph and telephone service, both of which are government institutions in Japan.

A Watchmaker's Tip.

"Why do watches get dirty?" asked Andrew S. Kessler, a jeweler, of Philadelphia, at the Raleigh last night. "The answer is in your pocket. Turn it out, and you will find dust, lint, and fluff and other stuff in it that should not be there.

"There's the reason," said the watch expert. "Watches get dirty because the pockets they are carried in are never cleaned. A watch pocket, my dear sir, should be cleaned out regularly once a week. Observe that rule, and the works of your watch will not get clogged up again. Another and a seasonable rule is never to lay your watch down on stone or marble. The cold deranges the delicate works. Never lay your watch down, in fact, anywhere. Hang it on a hook, vertically, in the same position it occupies when in your pocket. Watches are made to lie, or rather stand, in that position only. Wind your watch in the morning, never at night."

Latin-American Trade.

Bela Tokaji, of New York, who was here a few days ago to urge the nomination of a friend for the office of circuit judge in New York, was seen at the Shoreham, and said: "It would be the height of folly for a person to overlook productive soil at the door of a great market for the products of that soil if it were cultivated, and go thousands of miles beyond it and cultivate other lands which could only produce the same results. Yet this is exactly what the American people are doing to-day. They are putting forth strenuous efforts to procure the trade of China and Japan, and neglect the South American republics which James G. Blaine, in his foresight as a statesman, saw the advantage and necessity of cultivating. Germany, France, England, and Spain, and even little Holland, do an immense business with the South American republics, while we are resting supinely on our oars and letting other nations get ahead of us.

"We have lost sight of the fact," continued the president of the National Roosevelt League, and that's what Mr. Tokaji says he is, "that South America is no longer a country of the indolent and indifferent. It, too, is making progress, perhaps not in proportion to what we are enjoying, but it has been making progress. The time is not very far distant when Latin America is bound to become a factor in the commercial world, as well as in other respects. It therefore behooves us to avail ourselves of a renewed energy in procuring the confidence of the people of Latin America, as well as having commercial intercourse with them.

"It is true that those republics regard the United States as their political sponsor, so far as enjoying liberties is concerned. That being the case, why should we permit European countries to supplant us in their marts, and leave us only their guiding star as to the conduct of government matters? Are our manufacturers and merchants negligent, or are they unable to cope with their European competitors?"

Riot Rather Feminine.

From the Boston Transcript.

A glance at London ought to show Mexico how effeminate this rioting is.

Wielded for the Uplift. **THE BIG STICK** A Hit for Every Head.

VOL. IV. NO. 32. WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 24, 1910. ONE CENT.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

MANNA FROM HEAVEN.

The unknown but kind subscriber who surprised the editor with that heavy, juicy, and expensive turkey for Christmas receives thus, here, and now wide public acknowledgment. We little thought, when we jokingly put that little suggestion in the immediately preceding issue that it would really bear such luscious fruit. 'Twas an arrow shot into the air, as it were, and it fell on good ground. Instead of a crop of swords, there arose the crop of a turkey. Merry Christmas, O Beneficent One!

CHRISTMAS NOTES.

Doc Gibson will have a Christmas tree for the children of his neighborhood.

Roe Fulkerson will entertain Andrew and Imogene at luncheon during the holidays.

George Hebbard announces that his stock of Santa Claus suits is nearly exhausted.

The "Shreve" Brothers will remain on the water wagon until the beginning of the New Year.

Charles Eckstein is scouring the ponds of Washington for a sufficient number of "poodle ducks" for December 31.

Ed Schmid will have a Christmas tree for the "Kill-the-police." The principal ornaments will be little red devils.

Phil Nachmann has placed on sale for the holidays his latest work, "Lost in Richmond." The book portrays many thrilling adventures and mysterious happenings to Phil in that city.

LOCAL PICK-UPS.

Ralph Barnard blames Warner's defeat in the Sixth Maryland on the Chevy Chase equilibrator.

If Clarence Redman is seen at the Cafe Republique it is because he belongs there and is on his job.

When C. L. Harding doesn't smile, it is because he is tired of talking about his great deeds done on the diamond.

If you want to know whether an engagement announcement is true, go and ask the man; the girl may not be proud of it.

THE BIG STICK'S HALL OF FAME—No. 34.

JUDGE WILLIAM H. DE LACY.

Judge De Lacy, of the Juvenile Court, is the Santa Claus of the "kidlets." The judge is one of the many legal lights that live in the lawyer's subdivision of Chevy Chase, once incorporated but now same old Chevy.

A PRIZE SONNET.

There is a fine literary exercise known to the French as "bouts-rimes," an art that the Rosetti brothers indulged in to a great extent. One brother would write the end-rimes of a sonnet, the other brother would fill in the missing words. We give herewith the end words of a sonnet form, and for the first and best filled-in sonnet using these words, The Big Stick will award a prize of a can of tomatoes. Employes of The Big Stick are the only ones barred from this interesting and intellectual contest. Here are the rhymes:

— — — Roosevelt,
— — — lick,
— — — stick;
— — — smelt,
— — — welt,
— — — brick,
— — — felt,
— — — sick.

— — — ire,
— — — bring;
— — — fire,
— — — sing,
— — — liar,
— — — king!!!

Contributions should be sent in not later than January 1, 1915.

Read the Bingville Bugle to-morrow.

MET HIS MATCH.

Since we have known Billy Henshaw we have never seen the time when he could remain silent for a limited period, nor have we found a person who could get in the last word when he was around. Everything comes to him who waits, and we learn from reliable sources that one Judge Hough, a man of portly frame and sonorous voice, has at last caused the aforesaid Billy to subside. The judge was hugging himself over the fact that he had a nice turkey, but was saddened by the thought that he had no one to cook it. "Bring it over to me," said cheerful Billy, "and I will cook it." "No, thank you," said the judge, "I don't want it spoiled." Billy was hushed to sleep, and the last reports indicate that he is still sleeping.

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Just to remind you of the significance of the season and to put all Big Stickers into the perfect harmony of the time, let us sing that old Christmas carol which begins:

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino;
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you all synge merily
Que estis in convivio.

IN THEIR STOCKINGS.

Old Santa Claus has had a conference with the editor of The Big Stick and he has been kind enough to tell what he is going to bring certain of his friends, so we hope that none of them will fail to hang up his stocking. Each will get in his Christmas hosiery:

Bill Guilford—A new auto.
George Kennedy—A little pig.
James S. Henry—A diaquiri.
D. J. Callahan—1 V. P. C. of C.
Beach'em Clark—A noiseless gavel.
Ed Droop—A new horse and buggy.
L. Stoddard Taylor—A tailor's bill.
H. D. Feast—A new set of golf sticks.
Joseph G. Cannon—A recipe for longevity.
Arthur Dodge—Another presidential term.
Ollie Metzerott—A scarfpin set with a ruby.
Fred Kramer—A round-trip ticket to Richmond, Va.
Tom Moore—Some new and unused comedy films.
Franklin MacVeagh—A new house in Sixteenth street.
Col. Bill Giddings—A new fishing rod and some bait.
Earl Culley—An order for twelve new suits of clothes.
Henry Miller—A play with only one character in the cast.
Adeline Genee—Some rings for her fingers and bells for her toes.
W. B. Hibbs—A bound volume of "The Philosophy of Fifteenth Street."

ANSWERS.

Gladys—No; we hardly think "The Purple Socks" would be a nice book to give your nephew for a Christmas present.

Literature—The leading novelist of Virginia is, we believe, Mr. Harry Harrison, of Leesburg.

Suffragette—No; there is no law about it, but we believe that it is not considered good form to smoke in cafes. Some day, perhaps, ladies' smoking rooms will be provided.

Society—At any public function it is not considered quite the thing to monopolize your own husband for more than five minutes at a stretch.

Menace—We think you must have made a mistake in asking us whether it was proper to serve Botticelli with lettuce after dinner. Botticelli, my dear child, is not a cheese; it was a painter.

ELIGIBLES.

Col. Tolford, of Ohio.—Another captain of industry.

E. J. Gibson.—An authority on economics. Would not be afraid of a woman given to talking.

Frank R. Kent.—Fresh from Baltimore and slow catching on to the ways of the metropolitan city—but anxious and willing to learn.